

That's not how you carve a pumpkin, Patrick. by ABoyWhoNeededAFuckingAlt

Category: IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Dubious Consent, Exhibitionism, First Time, M/M, Patrick Hockstetter is His Own Warning, pumpkin fucking, pumpkin sex, ruined orgasm

Language: English

Characters: Bill Denbrough, Patrick Hockstetter

Relationships: Bill Denbrough/Patrick Hockstetter

Status: Completed

Published: 2019-12-12

Updated: 2019-12-12

Packaged: 2019-12-13 02:04:54

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: Underage

Chapters: 1

Words: 4,008

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Minutes of fooling around with the pumpkin to shape it back proved useless. Instead of wasting his time on a lost cause, he folded the pumpkin in on itself and bent down to set it by his door.

“You ever fuck around with a pumpkin?” Patrick asked.

-
OR Patrick convinces Bill to fuck his Halloween pumpkin

That's not how you carve a pumpkin, Patrick.

Author's Note:

I meant to post this during Halloween but got sidetracked oops-

Bill's clothes would be soaked in a heavy coat of pouring rain if it weren't for his porch cover. It was nearing Halloween and his family hadn't gotten festive. He's pretty sure the plastic ghost set near his doorway sat in the attic since he was born. Despite the cheap plastic wearing down on it, Bill always thought it was charming. The weather left goosebumps along his arm, but he held out a little longer since his pumpkin was almost complete. It was a classic jack-o-lantern. Two triangles cut out at the top of the pumpkin with an unfinished jagged smile at the bottom. He'd have to keep it inside for the night so it stayed dry. Even if it did get ruined he had a smaller pumpkin sitting nearby.

Bill's nose was red as he sat with a quivering lip, his tongue poking out now and again to focus. He placed a flashlight underneath a chair nearby so he could fucking see what he was doing.

Strangers drove by his house going about their daily routine or stopping by stores for decorations. Either way, this didn't bother Bill. So, when he heard the familiar sound of tires rolling by his house he didn't think twice.

“Yo! Bill.”

He straightened himself out as he recognized the voice. It was a familiar yet unwanted voice to hear and made him tense up at the sound of it. He didn't turn his head but eyed Patrick from his peripheral vision. Patrick stopped his bike directly in front of his house, illuminated by the street lights. His clothes were drenched and- quite honestly- looked like a wet Maltese. But way taller. As

soon as those long legs hopped off of his bike, panic set into Bill's stomach and he took off toward his door. His fingers curled around his doorknob when he realized that he'd left his poor pumpkin on the porch. He knew it would fall victim to Patrick's wrath, so he turned to snatch the pumpkin by the rim.

Patrick must have had the same idea as he grabbed Bill's arm, his nails digging into him. Bill seethed in pain as he dropped the pumpkin, hearing it crack against the porch floor. He shot out to grab hold of Patrick's hand, attempting to pry it off him.

“Wh-What do you want?!” He cried. Fingers digging under Patrick's hand. If he could get some space between his arm and Patrick's hand-

“W-wuh-What are you doing without the rest of The Losers?” Patrick mocked.

“Doesn't matt-matter.” He stutters. He'd no clue why Patrick wanted to know, or why he'd targeted Bill when he was alone but he can only assume the worst. Bill only ever became a target when he was with the Losers. Henry and his gang never really bothered him outside of that. So, being alone with Patrick Hockstetter for a reason unbeknownst to him is horrifying.

“Oh, I think it does.” Patrick presses on.

His heart his pounding against his rib-cage. Anyone in their right mind would agree that Patrick was more intimidating- no, more terrifying- than Henry. Even if by a smidge. Bill had seen what they'd done to Ben. He wasn't sure whose idea it was to mark up Ben like

that, but now he was silently pleading that Patrick wasn't the mastermind behind it all. He jerks against Patrick's grip. Wasn't the smartest idea in retrospect as Patrick twists his arm. Bill forces down the urge to cry out, needles digging into his arm.

Instead, he settles for a meek plead, "Ow- s-shit! Y-You're hurting me!"

Patrick cackles as his pleas fall on deaf ears. Not that he'd expected his pleading to get through Patrick's thick skull. Watery eyes glance up at Patrick, desperate and begging for any sort of fucked-up mercy Patrick had in mind. The older boy had his lower lip hooked under his top teeth, eyes wandering Bill's expression. Almost observing Bill's reactions to the undeserving pain. His tongue swiped against his lips in a predatory manner. Like a trance, Patrick snapped out of it when Bill shoved a hand against his chest.

"Uh, that's kinda the point, nimrod. Just answer the question, dude." His voice dripped with an undertone of annoyance. As if it was Bill's fault that he'd gotten caught in Patrick's web and was growing bored of him.

"Th-They're out. Probably getting stu- shit!- stuff for Halloween."

"And?" Patrick continued.

Only when Bill's brows furrowed in confusion does he twist the limb a bit more. Not enough to break it, but enough to numb it. Numb until Patrick decides otherwise. The look of fear in Bill's face only grows when he searches for the answer that he's being interrogated

for. Desperately grabbing Patrick's arm. Less to pry him away and more to ground himself.

Patrick huffed out a sigh. "And why aren't you with them, dumbass?"

"I wanted to carve a p-puh-pumpkin." He didn't even have to lie. Yet, he was left bewildered when Patrick dropped his arm and let out a disappointed, "Lame." Before strutting over to his rocking chair and plopping down onto it. Bill clutched his arm as it sprung back into the correct position. A wave of nausea followed with relief flooded his arm so fast it was disorienting. He pressed his arm to his chest and shuffled to face Patrick, who was nudging the collapsed pumpkin on the floor.

"Kinda fucked up the pumpkin now," Patrick notes. He pressed his boot to the side, the pumpkin flattening under his weight.

A shaky sigh escaped him, reaching down to grab the remains.

"Y-Yeah, because of y-you." He retaliates. But Patrick doesn't comment, instead, he shrugs at him.

His hands, shaky as they are, try to sculpt the pumpkin back to a recognizable state. He'd press it together, only for it to fall apart when he'd release.

"What are you d-d-doing here?" There was little confidence in his voice. After the whole ordeal he'd been forced through, he's not sure if he could manage it. Yet he cleared his throat and tried again, "What are you doing h-here?" His voice was noticeably steadier than before.

Which was a shame when he was met with a zoned-out Patrick. As if he had completely ignored his question and remained in his thoughts. A spacey Patrick is better than a violent one, he decided and chose not to interrupt his train of thought. Instead, Bill sunk into some thoughts of his own. His question was still left unanswered. Was Patrick using this as a sick form of entertainment? He'd assumed that the main reason the group fucked with the Losers was to get some sort of thrill from it. It only made sense. That, or to feel powerful from it. Which was pathetic. They were the Losers, the bottom of the food chain, essentially. Bullying them wasn't proving much.

Congratulations, Henry, you fucked up a group of public failures. Hope you're proud of yourself?

Of course, he'd never say this to any of their faces. He was proud of being a social outcast. Having a group of like-minded friends was comforting, to say the least. No matter how much of a loser he was he'd always have his friends.

Minutes of fooling around with the pumpkin to shape it back proved useless. Instead of wasting his time on a lost cause, he folded the pumpkin in on itself and bent down to set it by his door.

“You ever fuck around with a pumpkin?” Patrick asked.

Bill's breath clung to the walls of his throat. He'd leaned close to Patrick while putting the pumpkin away, so he's sure he didn't hear wrong. But *what the fuck*? He turned to glance at Patrick, who only had a smug grin on his face, resting his head on his hand as he sat upright.

This was a joke, right? *Right* ? Some sort of ploy to make Bill look like a freak. Like, if he answered truthfully he'd be called a virgin or some shit. If he said yes- *good God, why would he think of doing so?* - then he'd be framed as a pumpkin fucker.

He must have been staring like a deer in headlights because Patrick scoffed and leaned forward. “Oh, don’t give me that look. You can’t knock it till you try it, asshole.”

He wasn’t being serious. He couldn’t be. The thought that Bill could be wrong on that unnerved him.

“N-No, I’ve never stuck my d-dih-...d-d-”

“Wanna try it?”

Bill pressed his lips together and stood back from Patrick. He didn’t think he could manage a verbal response without stuttering, so he simply shook his head. Which drew a heavy sigh from Patrick before he stood from the seat.

“Relax, dude. I’m not gonna kill you.”

Patrick stalked closer to the boy, practically towering over him. Every step forward Bill would step back. This carried on until his back pressed against his front door. He tensed up at the contact as his eyes targeted Patrick’s advance, his hand searching for the doorknob. Patrick’s hand latched onto his own before he could grab hold of the knob. Eyes darted around the dimly lit area, desperately searching for a way out. He curses himself for not leaving before. He could have been long gone by now. Inside his house and comfortable. But no, he stayed out here and now he has to face the consequences.

Would his body look like Ben's after this? Battered and carved up? He has no clue. Unlike Ben, there would be no Losers Club to save him.

So, he was alone with Patrick Hockstetter. Left to his defenses.

He was so very close to Bill that a pungent wave of cigarette smoke wafted in his face. He had no choice but to bite the bullet and face the scent. Of course, Patrick would be addicted.

His breath was warm against Bill's skin until it wasn't there at all. Replaced with Patrick's lips against his. And he's not sure he could move even if he wanted to. Like a rabbit caught in a snare. Bill knew the exact moment that Patrick opened his eyes, as he never closed his own. A harsh shove to the arm followed by obnoxious laughter was all it took to yank him out of his haze.

"Oh my God, move your lips, dumbass. Are you serious? Is this your first kiss?" Patrick asked between laughs.

This wasn't his first kiss. It was his first kiss with a boy, yes, but not his first kiss in general. He'd never expected to kiss a boy. He thought about it before and decided that if he had to he'd choose Stan to do it with. Not Patrick fucking Hockstetter. Stan would be gentle. Too gentle. The opposite of Patrick, who had him against the door with his fingers threaded through Bill's hair. Jerking his scalp, forcing his head to tilt upward. He didn't even have time to react when Patrick reconnected their lips. Too focused on the fact that it felt like strands of hair were being pulled out. It took a solid moment, but his brain eventually caught up with his body. Noticing the way Patrick's lanky body was forced against his. Inexperienced lips moving against experienced ones.

Christ, this was uh... This was something. It's not how he expected

his day to go.

The hands that held him against the door slithered down, fingers running down his sides before Patrick felt up his back. It overpowered his senses and Bill would be lying if he said he didn't enjoy the touch. Hot shame washes over him as his hands move to bunch up Patrick's shirt. What's even more shameful is how his cock gave an interested twitch.

Patrick pulled away but not before running a hand over Bill's chest. His fingers ghosted over his nipple before moving to the next, which was already shamefully perked up. Bill wasn't sure what the fuck he did to piss off Hockstetter this time, but he didn't very much enjoy when his nail dug into the bud of his nipple. Bill couldn't help the whimper that escaped him and shot up to cover his chest with one hand and yanking his shirt down with the other, pulled out of the aroused daze he was in. He couldn't look at Patrick. Not after that. But Patrick didn't seem to give a shit if he was looking or not. Instead, he pulled back and let out a cruel string of laughter. Pressing a hand to his knee to keep him from doubling over.

“Oh my- my fucking God! Your face looks like a baboon's ass. All red and shit.”

Bill wanted to respond. To tell Patrick how much of an asshole everyone already knows he is. But he can't. His body's reaction left him at such a disadvantage. It left him without a way to defend himself. With nothing to say, he simply stood there and remained silent. Yeah, his face was red. Yeah, his dick reacted. Yeah, he let out a stupid fucking yelp. And, *fuck* , he was so pathetic for it. Patrick hiccuped out a quiet laugh, running a hand through his hair before he motioned toward the spare pumpkin.

“Over here. Let’s carve this shit.”

Bill followed without much of a choice, Patrick having snatched the carving knife from the ground before handing it to him. He took the carving blade in hand, making sure that it’s on the far side of Patrick. On the off chance that Patrick had anything else in mind.

He glanced at Patrick before looking back at the pumpkin. When Patrick didn’t let up, he took a deep breath and grabbed it, taking a seat on the rocking chair. It was impossible to not feel guilty for this. Even as he brought his knife up to the stem. Pumpkins aren’t fucking meant for this. It’s just... Wrong. The thought didn’t get much farther than that as Patrick smacked the side of his head with the tips of his fingers.

“No no no, no way your dick is that big. Knowing you, it’s probably the size of a tic-tac,”

Oh, ha. He’d have resisted the urge to roll his eyes if he could have. God, this was so fucking stupid. All of this.

“On the side. Cut a hole.” He continued, stuffing his hands in his jeans pockets.

The knife was tight in his grasp, his hand wobbly as he slid the knife out of this poor pumpkin.

“Don’t we have to gut it?” Bill questioned, moving to hold the

knife with both hands.

“And fuck a sad, cold, empty pumpkin? No- Just do what you’re told.”

And he did. Even as guilt and anxiety pumped through him, he slid the knife into the side as he began to carve the circle.

While he tried to focus on the task at hand, his mind wandered elsewhere. What did this pumpkin do to deserve this? Nothing. That’s what. It’s a poor, defenseless, pumpkin.

Something about this entire situation intrigued him though. More than it should.

He didn’t ever think he’d have to estimate how big his dick is. Especially not for this reason. He felt himself growing warm at the thought that Patrick was likely watching over his shoulder as he carved out a decent sized hole for his dick. Maybe if he made the hole a smidge bigger...

Holy shit, he was actually considering this.

Patrick was going to make a small dick joke any second, he was sure of it. Instead, Patrick let out a sigh and leaned down. “That’s... No.”

In return, Bill leaned away from Patrick. “Wh-What?”

The older teen gave a long stare before circling his finger around the rim of the new hole.

“You’re like, what, five? No way your dick is that big.”

“I’m th-thirteen.” He reminds Patrick.

Though Patrick doesn’t seem bothered. He seems rather casual about this whole ordeal. “Your dick probably looks like you’re five.” He muses.

Bill snagged the pumpkin with his index finger as he stood, holding the pumpkin under his arm. “Can you stop talking ab-ab-b-... Stop talking about my dick?”

“Fine, fine,” He said before promptly shoving Bill’s shoulder as if squaring up for a fight. “but if this doesn’t feel good for you don’t fuckin’ blame me.”

Bill supposes all he has to do now is... Well, whip out his dick. He turns to take in his surroundings; there are few cars out this late at night. The ones who do drive-by don’t bat an eye in his direction. Then again, The Losers could stop by any second now. And as if his concerns were written on his expression, Patrick snatched the pumpkin from under his arm to catch his attention.

“Nobody’s gonna catch us, pussy. C’mom, I know you can do it.”

Though the insult was nothing new, the tone that Patrick gave certainly was. An almost... soft tone? Gentle. As if Bill is a doe and any wrong move could scare him off. It made Bill want to delve deeper into this side of Patrick. This... softer side. Be it an act or not- which it most definitely was- it was interesting.

So, he continues. Unzipping his fly and unbuttoning his pants. It takes a moment for him to work his pants down, but he wiggles them down to his feet. He must look so undignified right now. Standing tense as a log with his hands covering his crotch. He's so fucking exposed. Not as exposed, however, as when Patrick grabs his wrists and pried them out of the way. It's not long before Patrick is tugging at his underwear, and despite Bill's attempts to back up further against the railing Patrick still manages to worm him out of the boxers. And if he wasn't considered undignified before he sure fucking is now.

"Well damn, look at that." Patrick squats down to get eye level with it. Something about the action made Bill grip the railing tighter.

The palm of his hand is warm against his cock, so much so that Bill can't help the startled gasp that leaves his mouth. It's not even wrapped around his cock, simply pressing against it- testing out the waters. As if Patrick would ever hesitate in doing something. Instinctively, he presses his hips into the touch. Patrick Hockstetter or not it still felt fucking good. His fingers trailed down to thread through Patrick's hair, not daring to take a rough fistful of it though.

"Wouldn't want you fucking a pumpkin while soft, you know? 's harder that way," Not long after Patrick says that, he snorts. "So, I have to make *you* harder." Then out comes a laugh.

Despite everything, Bill wants to look at Patrick while this happens.

Fuck. If anything, to make sure he doesn't rip it off. He scrunches his shirt up and stuffs it into his mouth so he can peer down at Patrick. Just in time to view Patrick sliding his nail against the slit.

And if that wasn't the biggest turn off he doesn't know what is.

As if knowing that Bill was going to try to pull away, Patrick takes hold of Bill's cock. And as if to soothe the pain, Patrick leans in to give a solid lick over the tip. *I'm so sorry for sliding my nail against your slit, pussy.*

It doesn't last long, though, as once he's hard Patrick pulls off and snatches the pumpkin, handing it to Bill. To which he takes it with a fixed gaze. He's doing this. Holy fuck, he's doing this. Patrick doesn't waste his time with sliding behind Bill. Giving him a firm smack to the back of his head as if to tell him to get a fucking move on. When all he can do is stare down at the pumpkin, Patrick presses his front against the small of Bill's back, reaching around to guide the pumpkin's hole to his cock. Nudging his head in. A soft moan escaped him as his cock entered the fringy insides, warm and stretching around him. Patrick didn't stop until he was engulfed in the feeling. Fuck, this had to be a sick fucking fetish, right? There had to be something wrong with him for nearly doubling over at the mushy pumpkin guts surrounding his dick.

Even so, he glanced around at the neighboring houses. If someone saw him he'd be dead. Mentally. Physically. And emotionally. He'd be caught balls deep in pumpkin guts and there would be absolutely no way to explain his way out of this. Patrick's hair tickled his neck as he leaned closer, bending down to reach his ear.

"Dude, calm the fuck down. You'll be fine." Patrick's breath ran down the nape of his neck, and he shivered into the pumpkin.

Calm down. *Calm down* . He reminded in silence. It wasn't long before Patrick began to pull, pull, at the pumpkin. Easing it back and forth on his cock as he gave gentle pathetic thrusts into it. Head hung low in shame. Despite Patrick's insulting words, he was hard himself. And he certainly wasn't afraid to show it as he rubbed against the small of Bill's back. He wouldn't have expected Patrick to get aroused by him, especially after he'd tormented the poor boy.

"God damn- hold it for a second, kid." Before he had a chance to take hold of the pumpkin, Patrick let go of it and fumbled with his fly. Bill caught it moments before it hit the ground. It wasn't long before Patrick's cock was pressed up against his shirt. Patrick snagged the pumpkin from him and began pulling on the pumpkin in time with his thrusts.

It was messy. It was gross. But, *God* was it hot. The wet stringy insides squeezing around his cock. Accompanied by Patrick's breathy gasps in his ear as well. And he couldn't believe that he came from it. His breathing stuttered as he gave weak thrusts into the pumpkin before releasing. Spilling into it. Nails dug into the pumpkin's sides but that didn't stop Patrick from drawing the pumpkin away before he was able to ride out his orgasm. All he could do was squirm as he desperately grabbed hold of his dick, pumping it furiously. It wasn't the same though. The high of it had passed and now his body was calming down. That had to be singlehandedly the most unsatisfying thing he'd ever felt. And it's not as if he could have his pumpkin back either as Patrick had already stolen it from him. Bill's complaints fell flat as he turned to watch as Patrick let out a keening whine, mixing his cum with Bill's as he shot into the pumpkin. Letting out growls and curses. And at this point, he was almost glad he made the hole a tad too big. The older teen's eyes were shut tight with his lips parted gently and in this state, Patrick almost looked peaceful. Which he'd never thought he'd see.

His thrusts slowed as he finished off. Breathing heavy and rapid. It doesn't take long for Patrick to catch his breath though as he flung the pumpkin fleshlight aside.

Reality promptly crashed to Bill's stomach. Oh fuck. Oh, Jesus fuck. He'd just done that. Out in the open. With Patrick Hockstetter. The boy desperately grabs at his pants, tripping over them as he fumbles with the fly. Patrick hadn't even given him any time to collect himself before shoving his arm and snickering.

"Clean this up because this shit is fuckin' nasty, yeah? Got that, Stuttering Bill?"

Everything was so overwhelming and swarming his mind all at once that all he could do was nod and stumble away. Back to his house. To safety. Even while the older teen strolls back to his bike with his pants pulled half-way up his long legs.

"And, oh man, is Henry gonna lose his shit when he hears about this!"